A Common Whore

With all theſe graces grac'd:
Shee's very honeſt, beautifull and chaſte.

C. 30. b. 31.

Written by Iohn Taylor.

LONDON,
Printed for *Henry Goſſon*, and are to be ſold at Chriſt Church Gate.
1625.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To no matter who.

Lord, Maſter, Good-man, Gaffer, *or* Knaue, Lady, Miſtreſſe, Good-wife, Gammer, *or whore,* } Readers.

I Would not haue you to take me for a Bawde or a Pander, for that I ſend a Whore *amongſt you; for though it be my pleaſure to call her ſo, yet you in the peruſing of her, and conuerſing with her, ſhall find her honeſter then ſome of your Wiues or Mothers: indeed ſhe hath no great Kindred to boaſt of, for my poore brain like* Ioue *was father and mother that begat and bare her like a new Pallas: and my pen the Midwife that firſt wrap'd her in ragged verſes in ſtead of clouts, where the Printer hath vſ'd her as hee would be loth to be vſ'd himſelfe, for hee hath publiſhed and proclaimed all her faults to the view of the world, and yet I know the poore* Whores *paine is not paſt, for now ſhee is to bee examined a thouſand wayes, and tortured vpon*

the Rack of cenſure, and amongſt all that ſhall view and handle her, the hot Whoremaſter will deale moſt diſcourteouſly with her, for when hee perceiues her honeſtie too hard for his knauery, he will in anger, with three tuſhes, *foure* piſhes, *fiue* mewes, *ſixe wry mouths, and ſeuen ſcuruy faces, teare her and pull her worſe then the Ruſticall Rabblement did vſe to vſe common Whores on former* Shroue-Tueſdayes. *But all's one, let him doe his worſt, ſhe is confidently arm'd with Innocencie: and the threats or danger of the bad cannot affright her, but that ſhee will attempt to recreate the good. In a word, all that is amiſſe in her, I pray you impute it to my bad Tutorſhip, & her owne frailty; all that I hope of her is, that ſhe is a mery* Whore, *full of good words: A kinde* Whore *to be had for money or loue any where; a true* Whore *and a conſtant, for ſhe will neuer forſake any man that will keepe her: and (by reaſon ſhe is an honeſt* Whore *) ſhee is a poore* Whore, *and hath neither money nor Sprats: ſo take my* Whore *amongſt you as ſhe is.*

Now after this, I'le be exceeding briefe
To ſend another Pamphlet call'd a *Thiefe*;
The Hue and Cry is out, and I proteſt,
Though he ſcape hanging, yet he ſhall be preſt.

IOHN TAYLOR.

A VVHORE.

frances watkinson her book

MY Booke, an honeſt *Whore* I fitly call,
Becauſe it treats of *whores* in generall:
Then though this Pamphlet I doe name a *Whore*
Let no man ſhun her company therefore,
For if ten thouſand with her lodge and lye,
No reputation they ſhall loſe thereby.
No coſt * for dyet ſhe at all requires, A cheape Whore.
No charge for change of changeable attires,
No Coaches, or Carroaches ſhe doth craue,
No baſe attendance of a Pand'ring Knaue,
Perfumes and Paintings, ſhe abhorres and hates,
Nor doth ſhe borrow haire from other pates.
And this much more Ile boldly ſay for her,
Who ſo redeemes her from the Stationer
(With whom ſhe as a Slaue is kept in hold,
And at his pleaſure daily bought and ſold)
I ſay, that man that doth her ranſome pay,
She will requite his kindneſſe euery way,
Her Inſide with ſuch Treaſury is ſtor'd,
As may become the Pocket of a Lord,

All, from the Cottage, to the Caſtle high,
From Palatines vnto the Peaſantry,
(If thei'le permit their wiſedomes rule their will)
May keepe this *Whore* and yet be honeſt ſtill.
Yet is ſhe * *Common*, vnto all that craue her,
For ſixe pence honeſt man or knaue may haue her,
To be both turn'd and toſt, ſhe free affords,
And (like a prating *Whore*) ſhe's full of words,
But all her talke is to no other end,
Then to teach *Whoremaſters* and *Whores* to mend.
She in plain termes vnto the world doth tell,
Whores are the Hackneys which men ride to hell,
And by compariſons ſhe truely makes
A *Whore* worſe then a common Shore, or Iakes.
A Succubus, a damned ſinke of ſinne,
A mire, where worſe then Swine doe wallow in.
And with a *Whore* (although thus plaine ſhe be)
She ſhewes a *Whoremonger* as bad as ſhe.
And though I barren am of Eloquence,
Nor neuer vnderſtood my *Accidence*:
Yet though I haue no learning to my ſhare,
A *Whore* to broken Latine ile compare;
Firſt if her mind on *Whoring* ſhe doth fix,
She's all compact of mirth, all *Meretrix*,
And with ſmall teaching ſhe will ſoone decline
Mulier into the Gender Maſculine
By her Attire, of which ſex ſhe ſhould be,
She ſeemes the *doubtfull Gender* vnto me,
To either ſide her habit ſeemes to leane,
And may be taken for the *Epicene*.

A ſtrange Whore, common and yet honeſt.

A Whore.

Vnto the *Newter* I compare her can,
For she's for thee, or me, or any man.
In her Declensions she so farre doth goe,
As to the *common of two or three*, or moe.
And come to *horum harum Whorum*, then
She proues a great proficient amongst men.
Then after she had learn'd these Lessons right,
She forward goes vnto *hoc loue* light,
She paints out *pulcher*, ayded by her glasse,
She's neither *bonus*, or yet *bonitas*.
Homo for all men, is a common name,
And she for all men is a common shame.
Not *lapis* singularly, her can please,
She loues the plurall number *lapides*.
To Construe plainly she is seldome curious,
The two hard words of *durus*, and of *durius*,
Though she's not past the Whip, she's past the Rods
And knowes to ioyne her *qui's*, her *quæ's*, and *quod's*,
The *Actiue* from the *Passiue* she'le deriue,
Her *Mood* commands like the *Imparatiue*;
She knowes no *Concords*, yet to all men thus,
She faine would be *Iucundus omnibus*;
Clam is the Cloake, that couers her offence,
Her goodnesse all is in the *Future tense*,
She's *facile fieri*, (quickly wonne)
Or Const'ring truly, *Easie to be done*.
Parui ducitur probitas, sets forth
Her honesty is reckoned little worth:
And he shall find, that takes her for his choyce,
An *Interiection*, or *Imperfect voyce*.

A Whore.

Among the rules of Gender, ſhe by heart,
Can without miſsing dayly ſay her part.
The firſt among them all ſhe liketh beſt,
Propria quæ Maribus, and there ſhe'le reſt.
Thus may a *Whore* be made (by this conſtruction)
Vnto the Grammar Rules an Introduction,
But yet if Learning might be gotten ſo,
Few to the Vniuerſities would goe.
And all degrees, tagge ragge, and old and young,
Would be well grounded in the Latine tongue:
Whil'ſt many learn'd men would bee forc'd to ſeeke
Their liuings from the Hebrew and the Greeke:
For mine owne part I dare to ſweare and vow
I ne're vſ'd *Accidence* ſo much as now,
Nor all theſe Latine words here enterlac'd,
I doe not know if they with ſenſe are plac'd,
I in the Booke did finde them, and conclude,
At random to a *Whore* I them allude:
But leauing *Latine*, eu'ry trading *Wench*
Hath much more vnderſtanding of the *French*.
If ſhe hath learn'd great P, O Perſe O,
She'le quickly know *De morbo Gallico*.
If in theſe rudiments ſhe well doth enter,
With any man ſhe neuer feares to venter:
She's impudently arm'd, and ſhameleſſe to,
And neuer dreads what man to her can do,
Her neather part to ſtake ſhe'le often lay
To keepe her vpper part in faſhion gay,
She bluſhes not to haue her Trade well knowne,
Which is, ſhe liues by vſing of her owne.

Her

A Whore.

Her ſhop, her ware, her fame her ſhame, her game,
'Tis all her owne, which none from her can claime.
And if ſhe be halfe mad, and curſe and ſweare,
And fight, and bite, and ſcratch, and domineere;
Yet ſtill ſhe proues her patience to be ſuch,
'Midſt all theſe paſſions ſhe will beare too much.
She is not couetous for any thing,
For what ſhe hath, men doe vnto her bring,
(Her Temp'rance is a vertue of much honour)
And all her Commings in, are put vpon her.
She's generall, ſhe's free, ſhe's liberall
Of hand and purſe, ſhe's open vnto all,
She is no miſerable hidebound wretch,
To pleaſe her friend at any time ſhee'le ſtretch,
At once ſhe can ſpeake *true*, and *lye*, or either,
And is at home, abroad, and altogether.
She's nimbler then a Tumbler, as I thinke
Layes down, and takes vp, whilſt a man can winke,
And though ſhe ſeeme vnmeaſur'd in her pleaſure,
'Tis otherwayes, a *Yard*'s her onely meaſure.
But as moſt *Whores* are vicious in their fames,
So many of them haue moſt Vertuous names,
Though bad they be, they will not bate an Ace
To be cald *Prudence*, *Temp'rance*, *Faith*, or *Grace*,
Or *Mercy*, *Charitie*, or many more,
Good names (too good to giue to any *Whore*)
Much from the Popes of *Rome* they doe not ſwerue,
For they haue Names which they doe ill deſerue,
Onely betwixt them here's the difference on't,
A *Whore* receiues her Name firſt at the *Font*:

The

The Roman Biſhop takes a larger ſcope,
For he doth change his name, when hee's a Pope.
As if he were a Perſecuting *Saul*,
If he pleaſe hee'l be call'd a Preaching *Paul*.
Is his name *Swineſnowt*, he can change the Caſe,
And ſwap away that name for *Boniface*,
If he be moſt vngodly, and enuious,
Yet if he pleaſe, he will be called *Pius*,
Be he by Nature to all miſchiefe bent,
He may and will be called *Innocent*,
And be he neuer ſo doggedly inclinde,
Hee'le be nam'd *Vrbane*, if it be his minde.
If he be much more fearefull then a Sheepe,
The Name of *Leo* he may haue and keepe.
And though he be vnmercifull, yet ſtill
He may be called *Clement* if he will. (be,
Thus *Popes* may haue good names, though bad they
And ſo may *Whores* though different in degree.
The Annagram of WHORE's her mortall foe,
Deuided into two words, 'tis HER WO.
And ſeriouſly (to lay all Ieſting by)
A *Whore* is *Her* owne *Woe*, and miſery.
For though ſhe haue all pleaſures at the full,
Much more then *Thais*, that proud *Corinthian* Trul,
Who ſuffered none but Kings and Potentates
To haue their pleaſures, at Exceſſiue rates,
Yet all that Deare bought Lechery would be
The greater brand of laſting Infamy,
And though her Carrion Corps, rich clad, high fed,
(Halfe rotten liuing, and all rotten Dead)

Who

Who with her helliſh Courage, ſtout and hot,
Abides the brunt of many a prick ſhaft ſhot,
Yet being dead, and doth conſumed lye,
Her euerlaſting ſhame ſhall neuer dye.
Ixion (in his armes) he did ſuppoſe
That he the Goddeſſe *Iuno* did incloſe:
But in the end his franticke error ſhow'd,
That all which he imbrac'd was but a Cloud.
So whoſoeuer doe their *Luſt* embrace,
In ſtead of *Loue* are clouded with diſgrace.
The Godleſſe Goddeſſe *Venus*, honor'd farre,
For conqu'ring of the Conqu'ring God of Warre,
To hide their ſhame they no defence could get,
When limping *Vulcan* tooke them in a net,
And being paſt ſhame, with that foule offence,
She arm'd herſelfe with ſhameleſſe Impudence.
And with vngodly articles would proue,
That foule Concupiſcence and Luſt is Loue.
For which each bawdy Knaue, and filthy *Whore*,
Her Deuilliſh Diety doe ſtill adore.
I haue read Hiſtories that doe repeat
Whores were of old in eſtimation Great,
Pandemus King of *Corinth*, he erected
(That he from *Perſes* power might be protected)
A Temple vnto *Venus*, as ſome ſay,
Where *Whores* might for his ſafety ſafely pray.
And ſome in *Epheſus* did Temples reare,
In whom the *Paphean* Queenes adored were,
Where they that were the wickedſt *Whores* of all,
Were the chiefe Prieſts in robes Pontificall.

Heere I haue for ſome 60. lines followed the report of *Cornelius Agrippa*, in his *Vanity of ſciences*.

And

And in the Ile of *Paphos*, 'twas the vſe
Maydes got their Dowries, by their Corps abuſe,
But if that order were allowed here,
So many would not Portions want I feare.
The Art of Bawd'ry was in ſuch reſpect
Amongſt the *Egyptians* that they did erect
An Altar to *Priapus*, and their guiſe
Was, that their Prieſts on it did Sacrifice.
Wiſe *Ariſtotle* was in wit ſo poore,
He Sacrific'd to *Hermia*, his *whore*.
Great *Iulius Cæſar*, was ſo free and Common,
And cald a Husband vnto euery woman.
Procullus Emperour, (the Story ſayes)
Deflowr'd one hundred Maydes * in Fifteene daies.
If all be true that Poets vſe to write,
Hercules lay with Fifty in one night.
When *Heliogabilus*, Romes Scepter ſway'd,
And all the world his lawleſſe Lawes obay'd:
He in his Court did cauſe a Stewes be made,
Whereas *Cum priuilegio*, *Whores* did trade.
H'inuited Two and twenty of his friends,
And kindly to each one a *Whore* he lends.
To ſet *Whores* free, that then in bondage lay,
A mighty Maſſe of money he did pay,
He (in one day) gaue to each *Whore* in *Rome*
A *Duckat*, (a large and ill beſtowed ſumme.)
He made Orations vnto *Whores*, and ſaid
They were his Souldiers, his Defence and ayde,
And in his ſpeech he ſhew'd his wits acute,
Of ſundry formes of Bawdr'y to diſpute.

* *Sarmatias* Maydes.

30 pound waight a peece.

And

And after giuing vnto euery *Whore*,
For liſt'ning to his tale three Duckats more,
With Pardon vnto all and Liberty
That would be *Whores* within his Monarchy.
And yearely Penſions, he freely gaue,
To keepe a Regiment of *Whores*, moſt braue.
And oft he had (when he in Progreſſe went)
Of *Whores*, Bawds, Panders, ſuch a Rabblement
Sixe hundred Waggons, Hiſtory reports,
Attended onely on theſe braue conſorts.
This was a Royall *Whoremaſter* indeed,
A ſpeciall [a] Benefactor at their need,
But now ſince *Heliogabilus* deceaſt,
I thinke the world with *whores* is ſo increaſt,
That if it had an Emperor as mad,
He might haue twice ſo many as he had.
For by experience we ſee euery day
That bad things doe increaſe, good things decay.
And vertue (with much care) from vertue breeds,
Vice freely ſprings from vice, like ſtinking weeds.
Sardanapalus King of *Babylon*,
Was to his *whores* ſuch a companion,
That he in their attire did ſow and ſing,
(An exerciſe vnfitting for a King)
This feruent Luſt, (which ſome call ardent Loue)
Did cauſe the Baſtard [b] of the mighty *Ioue*
To pleaſe his *Iole*, he tooke a Wheele
And (laying by his Club) did ſpin and Reele.
Great *Ioue* himſelfe, could not this ſnare eſcape,
Luſt led him on to many a ſhameleſſe Rape.

[a] Or rather malefactor.

[b] Hercules.

Poore

Poore *Hebe*, *Hele*, * *Darna*, and *Europa*,
Alcmena, *Io*, *Semele*, and *Leada*,
Antiopa, *Asterie*, *Ganemede*,
These and a number more his fancy fed.
To compasse which his shifts were manifold,
I'a *Bull*, a Ram, a Swan, a showre of Gold,
To dreadfull Thunder, and consuming fire,
And all to quench his inward flames desire.
Apollo turn'd faire *Daphne* into [a] *Bay*,
Because she from his Lust did fly away,
He lou'd his *Hiacint*, and his *Coronis*,
As feruently as *Venus* and *Adonis*,
So much he from his Godhead did decline,
That for a Wench he kept *Admetus* Kine.
And many other *Gods* haue gone astray,
If all be true which *Ouids* Booke doth say.
Thus to fulfill their Lusts, and win their Truls,
We see that these vngodly gods were Guls.
The mighty Captaine [b] of the *Mermidons*,
Being captiu'd to these base passions,
Met an vntimely vnexpected slaughter
For faire *Polixena*, King *Priams* daughter.
Lucretia's Rape, was *Tarquins* ouerthrow,
(Shame often payes the debt that sinne doth owe)
What *Philomela* lost, and *Tereus* wonne,
It causde the lustfull Father [c] eate his Sonne.
In this vice *Nero* tooke such beastly ioy,
He maried was to *Sporus*, a yong Boy.
And *Periander* was with Lust so led,
He with *Melissa* lay when she was dead.

* *Iupiter* transformd himselfe to all these shapes to attaine his desire.

a The Bay tree or Lawrell.

b *Achilles*, who was slaine (bestotted to his death) for the loue of *Polixena*.

c *Tereus* K. of *Thrace* eate of his owne Son *Itis*, made into pymeat by his wife *Progne*.

d A Tyrant Prince in *Corinth*.

Pigmalion, [a] with an Image made of Stone,
Did loue and lodge: (I'le rather lye alone.)
Ariſtophanes. ioyn'd in loue would be
To a ſhee Aſſe: but what an Aſſe was he?
A Roman [b] *Appius* did in layle abide,
For loue of faire *Virginia*, where he dyde.
Our ſecond *Henry* [c] Aged, Childiſh, fond,
On the faire feature of faire *Roſamond*:
That it raiſ'd moſt vnnaturall hatefull ſtrife
Betwixt himſelfe, his children, and his wife.
The end of which was, that the iealous Queene
Did poiſon [d] *Roſamond* in furious ſpleene.
The fourth King *Edward* lower did deſcend,
He to a Goldſmiths wife [e] his loue did bend.
This ſugred ſinne hath been ſo generall,
That it hath made the ſtrongeſt Champions fall.
For *Sichem* rauiſht [f] *Dina*, for which deed,
A number of the *Sichemites* did bleed.
And *Sampſon*, in the prime of manly ſtrength,
By *Dallila*, was ouercome at length.
King *Dauid* frailely fell, and felt the paine,
And with much ſorrow, was reſtor'd againe.
Though *Saul* his foe he no way would offend,
Yet this ſinne made him kill his loyall friend.
Ammon with [g] *Thamar*, Inceſt did commit,
And *Abſolon* depriu'd his life for it.
And *Salomon* allow'd moſt Royall meanes
To keepe three hundred Queenes, ſeuen hundred
By whoſe meanes to Idolatry he fell (Queanes,
Almoſt as low as to the gates of Hell.

a Plutarch.
b Appius murthered himſelfe, becauſe *Virginias* father had ſlaine her, to free her from his Luſt.
c K. *Henry* the 2. King of *England.*
d At *Woodſtocke.*
e Miſtris *Shore.*
f She was *Iacobs* daughter, whoſe Rape was accurſedly reuenged by her brethren, *Simeon & Leui. Geneſis.*
g 2 Sam. 11

h 2 Sam. 13

At laſt repeating, he makes declaration,
That all was vanity, and ſpirits vexation.
Aboundance of examples men may finde,
Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
Which is no way for meaner men to goe,
Becauſe their betters oft haue wandred ſo,
For they were plagu'd of God, and ſo ſhall we
Much more, if of their ſinne we partners bee.
To ſhew what Women haue been plagued in
The bottomleſſe Abyſſe of this ſweet ſinne,
There are examples of them infinite,
Which I neu'r meane to reade, much leſſe to write.
To pleaſe the Reader though I'le ſet downe ſome,
As they vnto my memory doe come.
Flora a *Whore* in *Rome*, great wealth did win,
By her deare trading and her Commings in,
Which wealth ſhe freely gaue when ſhe did dye
Vnto the *Roman* people generally,
For which they all (to ſhew their thanks vnto her)
Made her a Goddeſſe and did Reuerence doe her.
And *Lais* of *Corinth*, ask'd *Demoſthenes*
One hundred Crownes for one nights buſineſſe,
For which a crew of *Whores* did ſet vpon her,
A *Whore* ſhe was and *whores* to death did ſtone her.
There was a famous Whore [a] *Rhodope* nam'd
Who for her gaine, at ſuch high price ſhe gam'd
That ſhe (moſt liberall) did the charges beare,
A ſtately high Piramides to reare.
Great *Iulius Cæſar*, was much ouerſeene
With *Cleopatra* the Ægyptian Queene:

[a] She was ſeruant to *Exanthus*, and fellow to *Eſop* the Fabuliſt.

And

And after ſhe inſnar'd *Marke Antony*,
For which they both by their owne hands did dye.
Semiramis plaid the inhumane Trull,
[a] And was enamour'd with a beaſtly Bull:
So did [b] *Paſipha*, but me thinks 'tis ſtrange, (range.
That Queenes ſo farre from womenhood ſhould
Mirha (*Adonis* mother) caus'd her father
The flower of her virginity to gather.
If wiſe *Viyſſes* had not well beene arm'd,
Inchanting *Circe* had his honor charm'd.
When youthfull *Paris* ſtole the luſtfull Punke
Faire *Hellen*, had the ſhip that bore them ſunke,
Then thirty Kings in peace at home had ſtaid,
Nor *Troy* or *Troians* in their ruines laid:
Faire [c] *Meſſalina*, a moſt royall *Whore*,
(Wife vnto *Claudius* the Emperour)
The ſports of *Venus* in the Stewes did play,
Sometimes full fiue and twenty times a day.
Marcus Aurelius did faire *Fauſtine* wed,
And ſhe with Whoring did behorne his head.
And many Princes and great Potentates,
With *Vulcans* creſt haue arm'd their noble pates:
This to the pooreſt Cuckold ſeemes a bliſs,
That he with mighty Monarchs ſharer is,
That though to be cornuted be a griefe,
Yet to haue ſuch braue partners, is reliefe,
Theſe *Whores* & *Whormaſters* which I haue nam'd,
And thouſands more (in Hiſtories defam'd)
With partiall ſelfe-opinion did approue,
Their ſenſuality and Luſt was *Loue*.

[a] Queene of *Babylon* ſlaine by her ſonne, whom ſhe wold haue had to haue lyen with her.

[b] *Paſipha* wife to *Minos* King of *Crete*.

[c] *Meſſalina* & *Fauſtin.* two Empreſſes.

When as the ods is more then day from night,
Or fire from water, blacke from pureſt white.
The one with *God*, one with the *Deuill* doth dwell,
Loue comes frō *heauen*, & luſt doth ſpring from *hell*.
But the old Prouerbe, ne're will be forgot,
A Lechers loue is (like *Sir Reuerence*) hot.
And on the ſudden cold as any ſtone,
For when the luſt is paſt, the loue is gone.
But loue is ſuch a bleſſing from on hie,
Whoſe zealous feruency can neuer die,
It out-liues life, and the aſcending flame
Mounts to the God of *Loue*, from whence it came.
Luſt made * *Seths* ſons, with fornication vaine,
Ioyne with the daughters of accurſed *Cain*.
And the world ſuffred, for their fornication,
Depopulation, by the inundation.
And twenty and foure thouſand *Iſraelites*
Dyde for this ſinne amongſt the [a] *Midianites*.
For the not puniſhing this fact (almoſt)
The Tribe of [b] *Beniamin* were ſlaine and loſt.
May this be call'd loue, then call vertue vice,
And euery bawdy houſe a Paradiſe.
If luſt were loue, it would not like a Wolfe,
Drowne Louers hearts in Deſperations Gulfe,
A Theban, [c] *Hemon*, himſelfe madly kill'd,
On his too deere deers Tombe his heart blood ſpild.
For *Phaon* (a poore Watermans ſweet ſake)
Faire *Sapho* from a rocke, her [d] necke ſhe brake.
Pheadra for her *Hippollitus*, they ſay,
Did hang her ſelfe, and make a Holli-day.

* Geneſis.

[a] Numbers. [b] Iudg. 19, 20 and 21. 65000. were ſlain of the Iſraelites, and there remained of the Beniamites only 600.

[c] For *Antigona* the daughter of *Oedipus* & *Iocaſta*.

[d] The more foole ſhe, though ſhe were a Poeteſſe.

And

And e *Phillis* for f *Demophoon* did as much,
Ile neuer loue, if Loues effects be ſuch.
To quench the *Carthaginian* g Queenes deſire,
She burnt herſelfe vpon a pile of fire;
If either *Priamus*, or *Thisby* had
Not beene ſtarke fooles, or elſe exceeding mad.
The doting, idle miſconceiuing Elues,
So deſperately, had ne're fore-done themſelues.
Thus all the difference betwixt loue and luſt,
Is, one is iuſt, the other is vniuſt.
Search but in Hiſtories, and men may find
Examples beyond numbring, of this kind,
How of both Sexes, each ſtate and ſort
Of people, from the cottage to the Court, (drownd
Haue madly ran this courſe; ſome hang'd, ſome
Burnt, ſtaru'd & ſtabd thēſelues with many a woūd,
Or pin'd away like Coxcombs, euer craning
To haue the thing, thats neuer worth the hauing.
In *Antwerp* many filthy *Whores* I ſaw,
That for their Trading were allowde by Law.
And I in *Prague* did ſee a ſtreet of *Whores*,
An Engliſh mile in length, who at their doores
Did ſtand and ply (rich clad, and painted rare)
More hard then euer I plyde for a fare.
Th'*Italian* Stewes (to make the Pope good cheere)
Payd twenty thouſand Duckets in a h yeere.
Beſides, they giue a Prieſt (t'amend his fee)
The profit of a *Whore*, or two, or three,
Me thinkes it muſt be bad Diuinity,
That with the Stewes hath ſuch affinity.

e Shee was daughter to *Lieurgus* King of *Thrace*.
f Sonne to *Theſeus*.
g *Dido*, for *Eneas*, burned her ſelfe.
h Almoſt euery yeer a ducker is more then 8 ſhillings, which ſum is 8000 l.

Tis a mad doctrine, Lechery ſhould pay
A Church-mans ſtipend, that ſhould preach & pray
And in thoſe ſtewes, where women are ſo common
In entertaining all, refuſing no man,
Whereas a father with a *Whore* may lye,
Which done, his ſon his place may hap ſupply,
And then an Vnkle, or a brother may
Succeed each other in that damned play.
For no propinquity, or no degree
Of kin, that haue there, that can ſweare th'are free
From this commixion: and, which is worſt,
A *Whore* may haue a baſtard, borne and nurſt,
And growne a woman, and to this trade ſet her,
May be a *Whore* to him that did beget her.
Or to her brothers, or to all her kin,
She may be proſtituted in this ſin.
And therefore to conclude this point, I muſe
That Chriſtian Common-wealthes allow a Srewes,
I thinke that Thieues as well a'low'd ſhould be,
As *Whores* and *Whoremaſters* ſhould thus be free.
They from the Heathen doe examples bring.
That *Whoring* is a rare commodious thing,
There was an ancient vſe in *Babylon*,
When as a womans ſtocke was ſpent and gone,
Her liuing it was lawfull then to get,
Her carkaſſe out to Liuerie to let,
And *Venus* did allow the *Cyprian* Dames,
To get their liuings by their bodies ſhames,
Licurgus did a Law in *Sparta* make,
That all men might their barren wiues forſake:

And

And by the ſame Law it ordained was,
Wiues might vnable husbands turne to graſſe.
And the wiſe *Solon* the *Athenian*,
Allow'd *whores* to be free for any man.
And though theſe things the Pagan people did,
Yet Chriſtian gouernments theſe things forbid.
But ther's no Common-wealth maintaines the ſame,
But where the [a] Pope is Landlord of the game.
The Stewes in *England* bore a beaſtly ſway,
Till the eight [b] *Henry* baniſh'd them away, (downe,
And ſince thoſe common *whores* were quite put
A damned crew of priuate *whores* are growne,
So that the deuill will be doing ſtill,
Either with publique or with priuate ill.
Thus much for *whoring* I muſt ſay agen,
It hath produced many valiant men:
Braue Baſtards, haue been famous Conquerours,
And ſome great Lords, and Kings, and Emperours.
As *Hercules Iones* mighty Baſtard-ſonne,
And [c] *Alexander* King of *Macedon*:
Clodouee King of *France*, from Baſtardie,
And *VVilliam* Conqueror, from *Normandie*.
Theſe and a number more I could recite,
Beſides the vnknowne number 's infinite.
And ſure that wretched man that maried is
Vnto a wife diſpos'd to this amiſs,
Is mad to wrong himſelfe at all thereby,
With heart-griefe and tormenting iealouſie.
If he hath cauſe for't, let him then forſake her,
And pray God mend her, or the deuill take her:

[a] Not in any place but where Rome's ſupremacy is allowed.
[b] *Anno Regni* 37.
[c] So ſayes *Cornelius Agrippa*, but I finde it otherwayes in *Quintus Curtius*.

If he hath no cauſe to be ialous then,
He's worthy to be made the ſcorne of men,
Thus cauſe or no cauſe, man himſelfe ſhould arme,
That ialouſie ſhould neuer doe him harme.
The *Nicholaitans*, to auoid the paine
Of ialouſie, amongſt them did ordaine,
That all their maried wiues, of each degree,
To euery one a common *Whore* ſhould be.
And ſo amongſt them one could hardly finde,
A Cuckold that did beare a ialous minde.
When I but thinke what Sciences, and Arts,
What men and women full of ex'lent parts,
Forget their functions, lay their vertues by,
And wait and liue, and thriue by Lechetie.
A Poets Art, all other Arts excell,
If he hath skill and grace to vſe it well:
Yet many times 'tis vſ'd moſt baſe and vile,
When it deſcends vnto a bawdy ſtile,
To turne good humane ſtudies, and diuine,
Into moſt beaſtly lines, like *Aretine*;
To ſeeke to merit euer-liuing Bayes,
For ſordid ſtuffe (like *Ouids* luſtfull Layes.
With falſe bewitching verſes to entice
Fraile creatures from faire vertue to foule vice,
Whoſe flatt'ry makes a *Whore* to ſeeme a Saint,
That ſtinkes like carrion, with her Pox and paint.
Comparing her (with falſe and odious lies)
To all that's in or vnderneath the skies:
Her eyes to *Sunnes*, that doth the *Sunne* Eclips,
Her cheekes are Roſes (Rubies are her lips):

Her

Her white and red Carnation mixt with ſnow,
Her teeth to orientall pearle, a Row,
Her voice like Muſick of the heau'nly Spheares,
Her haire like thrice refined golden Wires,
Her breath more ſweet then Arromatick drugs,
Like Mounts of Allablaſter are her dugs,
Her *Bracelets*, *Rings*, her *Scarfe*, her *Fan*, her *Chaine*,
Are ſubiects to inſpire a Poets braine:
But aboue all her *Smock* moſt praiſe doth win,
For 'tis the Curtaine next vnto her skin.
Her looſe *Gowne*, for her looſer body fit,
Shall be adored with a flaſh of wit,
And from the *Chin-clowt*, to the lowly *Slipper*,
In *Helliconian* ſtreames his praiſe ſhall dip her.
I leaue vnnam'd what is affected beſt,
As 'tis moſt fit, for it maintaines the reſt,
Her thighs, her knees, her legs, her feet, and all,
From top to toe are ſupernaturall.
Her Iuory hands, with ſaphire veines inlaide,
Which cannot be by mo[illegible]all Pen diſplaide.
Her ſmile makes cold December Sommer like,
Her frowne, hot Iune with ſhiuering Froſt can ſtrike,
And life and death doth in her lookes abide,
Or many Knaues and Fooles that ſaid ſo lyde.
Her Shapperoones, her Perriwigs and Tires,
Are Reliques, which this flatt'ry much admires,
Rebatoes, Maske, her Busk and Busk-point to,
Are things to which mad men muſt homage doe.
Her Verdingale, her Garters, Shooes and Roſes,
Her Girdle that her waſtfull waſte incloſes.

Not one of theſe but's honour'd with a Sonet,
If the ſaid Poet be but ſet vpon it,
Another ſeekes to winne his Wenches will,
With oyly Oratories ſmoothing skill.

As thus.

Moſt ineſtimable Magazin of beauty, rare Maſter-piece of nature, perfections wonder, and Loues Quinteſence, in whom the port and maieſtie of Iuno, *the feature of* Citheria, *the wiſdome of* Ioues *Braine-bred* [a] Girle, *the chaſtitie of* Diana, *and the conſtancie of* Lucretia, *haue their domeſticall habitation, who with the* Goddeſſes *art deifide, with the* Graces *graced, with the* Vertues *ſtellifide, with the Muſes honored, and with the Senſes admired: vouchſafe dread Empreſſe of my Affections, to pardon the intruſiue boldneſſe of my vntun'd tongue (which was neuer tipt with the Courtly Gloſſe of Adulation) who being the Ambaſſador of my heart, doth proſtrate my ſelfe and my beſt ſeruices to be diſpoſed of at your great commands: and as the Refulgent beames of* Titan *males purity of obſcurity, ſo one glance or glimpſe of the tranſlucentie of your eyes ſun-dazeling corruſcancie, will exile all the cloudie vapours of heart-tormenting moody melancholly; that like an vſurping Ty-*

[a] Pallas.

rant

rant hath captiuated your humble ſuppliant, thus feruently to implore your Clemencie.

Here's a ſweet deale of ſcimble ſcamble ſtuffe,
To pleaſe my Lady *Wagtayle*, (marry muffe)
Gep with the *Grinkcomes*, (but I ſpeake too late)
This kinde of flattry makes a *whore* take ſtate, (her,
Growes pocky proud, and in ſuch port doth beare
That ſuch poore ſcabs as I, muſt not come neare her.
Thus may ſhe liue, (much honour'd for her crimes)
And haue the Pox ſome twelue or 13 times,
And ſhe may be ſo bountifull agen,
To ſell thoſe Poxe to three or foureſcore men,
And thus the Surgeons may get more by farre
By *whores* and Peace, then by the ſword and warre.
And thus a *whore* (if men conſider of it)
Is an increaſing gainfull piece of profit.
But of all *whores* that I haue nam'd before,
There's none ſo cunning as the Citie *whore*,
She hath ſo many ſeuerall ſorts of Bawds,
To cloake and couer her deceipts and frauds,
That ſure the Deuill cannot more deuiſe
Then ſhe, to blind her horned husbands eyes.
One offers Purles to ſell, and fine Bone-lace,
And whiſpers that her Friends in ſuch a place:
A ſecond offers Starch, and tels her how
Her ſweet-heart tarles for her at the Plow,
A third ſels Wafers, and a fourth hath Pins,
And with theſe tricks theſe Bawds admittance wins

Grinkcomes is an Vtopian word, which is in Engliſh a P. at *Paris*.

That

That had her Husband *Argos* eyes, yet he
By theſe deceiuers ſhould deceiued be.
If all theſe fayle, a Begger woman may,
A ſweet Loue letter to her hands conuay.
Or a neat Laundreſſe, or a Hearbwiſe can,
Carie a ſleeueleſſe meſſage now and than.
Or if this faile, her teeth may ake (forſooth)
And then the Barbar muſt come draw a Tooth.
Or elſe ſhe may be ſicke (vpon condition)
That ſuch a Doctor may be her Phyſition,
He feeles her pulſes, and applyes his trade
With Potions which th'Apothecary made,
All's one for that, her health ſhe quickly gaines,
Her Husband payes the Doctor for his paines.
But of all Bawds, Gold is the Bawd indeed,
It ſeldome ſpeakes but it is ſure to ſpeed:
It can blind Watches, open bolts and locks,
Breake walls of ſtone, as hard as Marble rocks:
Make Iron barres giue way, and gates flv ope,
Giues Luſt the reynes to run with boundleſſe ſcope,
Kils Iealouſie, appeaſes Riuals, and
Doth what the owners will or can command,
And laſt of all it ſtops the biting iawes
Of the iuſt rigorous, and ſeuereſt Lawes.
I therefore ſay, he that hath golden pelfe,
Hath a good Bawd, if ſo he pleaſe himſelfe:
Thoſe that haue gold, can want no Bawds or Queans
Except they vſe a meane, to guide their meanes.
To end this point, this conſequence I'le grant,
Thoſe that haue golden Bawds, no *Whores* can want.

And

And though the mighty power of *gold* be such,
Yet *Siluer* (many times) can doe as much:
Thus euery wealthy *Whoremaster* may beare
His *Bawd* in's purse, or pocket any where.
For mine owne part, I liue not in such want,
But that I eate and sleepe, though coyne be scant:
And cause I want the *Bawd* I nam'd before,
By consequence I needs must want the *Whore*.
And wanting of them both, I hope to be
From *Gowts*, *Pox*, and extortion euer free.
But as there's wondrous difference in mens meat,
So is the ods of *Whores* exceeding great:
Some *Rampant*, & some *Couchant*, and some *Passant*,
Some *Gnardant*, & some *Dormant*, & some *Cressant*,
Some *Pendant*, some (a Pox on't) but the best on't,
A priuate *Whore*, trades safely, there's the lest on't.
Besides as *Whores* are of a seuerall cut,
So fitting Titles on them still are put:
For if a Princes loue to her decline,
For manners sake shee's call'd a *Concubine*:
If a great Lord, or Knight affect a *Whore*,
She must be tearm'd his Honours *Paramore*,
The rich Gull Gallant call's her *Deare* and *Loue*,
Ducke, *Lambe*, *Squall*, *Sweetheart*, *Cony*, and his *Doue*:
A pretty *wench* she's with the Country-man,
And a *Kinde Sister* with the Puritane,
She's a Priests *Lemmon*, and a Tinkers *Pud*,
Or *Dell*, or *Doxy* (though the names be bad)
And amongst Souldiers this sweet peece of Vice
Is counted for a Captaines *Cockatrice*.

A scraping miserable father, that cares not how he get Gold to leaue it to a Whoremaster his Son, is his sons prouident Bawd.

But

But the mad Rascall, when hee's fiue parts drunke,
Cals her his *Drab*, his Queane, his *Iyll*, or *Punke*:
And in his fury 'gins to rayle and rore,
Then with full mouth, he truely cals her *whore*,
And so I leaue her, to her hot desires,
'Mongst *Pimps*, and *Panders*, and base *Applesquires*,
To mend or end when age or Pox will make her
Detested, and *whoremasters* all forsake her.

A comparison betwixt a Whore
and a Booke.

METhinkes I heare some Cauillers obiect
That 'tis a name absurd and indirect,
To giue a Booke the Title of a *whore*:
When sure I thinke no Name befits it more.
For like a *whore* by day-light, or by Candle,
'Tis euer free for euery knaue to handle:
And as a new *whore* is belou'd and sought,
So is a new *Booke* in request and bought.
When *whores* wax old and stale, they're out of date,
Old Pamphlets are most subiect to such fate.
As *whores* haue Panders to emblaze their worth,
So these haue Stationers to set them forth.
And as an old *whore* may be painted new
With borrowed beauty, faire vnto the view,
Whereby she for a fine fresh *whore* may passe,
Yet is she but the rotten *whore* she was.
So Stationers, their old cast Bookes can grace,
And by new Titles paint a-fresh their face.

Where-

Whereby for currant they are paſt away,
As if they had come forth but yeſterday.
A *Booke* is dedicated, now and than
To ſome great worthy, or vnworthy man:
Yet for all that 'tis common vnto me,
Or thee, or he, or all eſtates that be,
And ſo a man may haue a *Whore* (forſooth)
Suppoſing ſhe is onely for his tooth,
But if the truth he would ſeeke out and looke,
She's common vnto all men, like a Booke.
A *Booke* with gawdy coate, and ſilken ſtrings,
Whoſe inſide's full of obſceane beaſtly things,
Is like a *Whore*, Capariſon'd and trap'd,
Full of infection to all miſchiefe apt,
As one *Whore*, may be common vnto any,
So one *Booke*, may be dedicate to many.
And ſure I ſay, and hope I ſpeake no ſlander,
To ſuch a *Booke*, the *Poet* is the Pander.
He proſtitutes his Muſe to euery one,
Which ſhould be conſtant vnto one alone,
This is a kind of Bawd'ry vile and baſe,
Kils bounty, and is Poe ryes diſgrace.
And leſt they ſhould be loſt, it is ordain'd,
That *Bookes* within a Library are chain'd,
So he that to himſelfe will keepe a *Whore*,
Muſt chaine her, or ſhe'le trade with forty more.
As *Bookes* are leafe by leafe oft turn'd and toſt,
So are the Garments of a *Whore* (almoſt)
For both of them, with a wet finger may
Be folded or vnfolded, night or day.

More-

Moreouer 'tis not very hard to proue,
That *Bookes* and *Whores* may Riuals be in Loue,
(To purchaſe mens diſpleaſure I am loth)
But ſure good Scholiers ſtill hath lou'd them both.
Some *Bookes* haue their *Errates* at the laſt
That tels their errors and offences paſt.
So many great *Whores* did in ſtate ſuruiue,
But when death did their hatefull liues depriue,
Their *faults eſcap'd* and their *Errates* then
Hath beene made manifeſt and knowne to men.
Some *Bookes* and *Whores* to wicked purpoſe bent,
Doe, for their faults receiue one puniſhment.
As *Bookes* are often burnt, and quite forgotten,
So *Whores* are ouer-ſtew'd, or roſted rotten. (brings
Experience ſhewes that *Bookes* much knowledge
And by experience *Whores* know *many things*.
And as true Iuſtice, all mens loſſe repaires,
So *Whores* doe giue to all men what is their's.
Terence ſhe learnes, yet will ſhe much rebuke vs
If we doe play the part of true *Eunuchus*.
As *Bookes* prophane, or elſe Heretical,
Or ſcurrilous, non-ſenſe, Schiſmaticall,
Peruerts mans Iudgement, and his ſoule pollutes,
Such are all *Whores*, and ſuch will be their fruits.
Some Slouens ſoyle a *Booke* in little ſpace,
And ſlauer it, and ſo the Leaues deface:
And ſome againe will take a cleanly courſe
To read it daily, yet tis neuer the worſe.
So ſome men vſe a *Whore*, when once they haue her,
They'le touze and teare, and beaſtly all beſlauer.

When

When forty neat *Whoremaſters* might haue play'd
And vſde her, and ſhe ſtill be thought a Mayde.
He that doth read a *Booke* he likes, would be
Alone, from any Interruption free,
And he that with a *Whore* would toy or lye,
I thinke deſires no other Company.
When *Bookes* are wet, their beauties gone or ſoyl'd,
So, waſh a *whore*, and all her paintings ſpoyl'd:
And as an old *whore* (ſpight of Paint or cloathing)
Fals at the laſt, the obiect of mens loathing,
Scorn'd and vnpityed, and to finiſh all,
Dyes in a Ditch, or in an Hoſpitall;
So Pamphlets, and ſome workes of writers Graue
Are vſde much worſe then *whores* by many a Knaue;
Who ne're regards the matter or the price,
But teare like Tyrants, to wrap Drugs or Spice,
Or which is worſe in Priuie matters vſe them,
Or worſt of all, like Roarers they abuſe them.
When as they rend good Bookes to light and dry
Tobacco (Englands bainefull Diety.)
And 'tis a thing I ne're thought on before,
A * *Booke's* examin'd ſtricter then a *whore*.
There's not a Sheet, a Leafe, a Page, a Verſe,
A word, a ſyllable, or letter (ſcarce)
But that (Authority) with Iudgements eye,
Doth diligently looke, and ſearch, and pry,
And gage the ſenſe, and firſt will vnderſtand all
Leſt in a Phraſe, or word, there lurke a ſcandall,
And my poore *whore* in this hath not beene ſpar'd,
Her skirts were curtaild, and her nayles were * par'd.

* Now a-dayes.

* She wold haue ſcratched elſe.

All's

All's one for that, though ſhe ſuch vſage had,
She's not left naked, though not richly clad,
I knew ſhe muſt be queſtion'd, and I ſay,
I am right glad ſhe ſcap'd ſo well away.
And ſhould all *Whores* of high and low degree,
(As *Bookes* are) to account thus called be,
The whoriſh number would waxe very ſmall,
Or elſe men neuer could examine all.
This Booke my *Whore*, or elſe this *whore* my Booke,
(She beares both Names, ſo neither is miſtooke)
Reſpects not all her enemies a ſtraw,
If ſhe offended, ſhe hath had the Law.
She was examin'd, and ſhe did confeſſe,
And had endur'd the torture of the Preſſe:
Her faults are printed vnto all mens ſight,
Vnpartially declar'd in blacke and white:
And laſt, in *Pauls* Church-yard, and in the ſtreets,
She ſuffers Penance vp and downe in Sheets.
And if all *Whores* to doe the like were made,
A *Linnen Draper* were the richeſt Trade.
If any *Whore* be honeſter then mine is,
Ile write no more but ſtop my mouth with-

FINIS.

7 JY 57